

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi"

Andrew Price, Editor

VOL. 15, NO. 3

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST 13, 1897.

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THE COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.

COUNTY COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July.—July is levy term.

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
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Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to C. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John Hartman Ruckman.

Among the citizens of our county in later years from the forties to the sixties that took a lively interest in everything that promised to promote the interests of education, morality, and the prosperity of the county generally, John H. Ruckman, Esq., deserves more than a brief notice.

He traced his ancestry to one Samuel Ruckman, a native of England, and born in 1643. The Ruckmans had lived awhile in North-East Wales, bordering England, and thence came to Long Island, New York, in 1682. Thomas Ruckman, son of Samuel the Welsh emigrant, was born on Long Island, in 1682, and his son James Ruckman, another link in the ancestral chain, was born in New Jersey in 1716. James Ruckman's son David Ruckman was born in New Jersey in 1747. David Ruckman is the progenitor of the Ruckman relationship in Highland and Pocahontas Counties. He came to what is now south-east Highland, Virginia, and settled in lower Back Creek Valley, about 1784. The place is now occupied by William Price Campbell, Esq., whose wife is a daughter of Colonel David Ruckman, a grandson of the pioneer and called for him.

The settler married a New Jersey wife, who seems to have been a lady of high aspirations, and longed for something far better than she could have in New Jersey. Marvellous accounts seemed to have been reported about the beauty, wealth, and happiness of southern homes. That in Virginia people lived in houses with earthen floors, discarding the use of wood. She seems to have gathered from this that the floors were of mosaic work, such as princes have about their homes in the old country. Upon reaching the place of destination and finding what earthen floors meant on the Virginia frontier, her disappointment was so intense that she wished to return at once; but circumstances were such that this was impossible, and so the situation was accepted, went to work and a home was reared out of the Virginia forest. Her name was Susannah Little.

David and Susannah Ruckman were the parents of four sons and four daughters. Elizabeth, Sophia, Mary, and Hannah. Samuel, John, James, and David Little. One of these worthy people, David Ruckman, died on the homestead reared by their own industrious, mutually helpful efforts, July 11, 1822, and is buried on a gentle eminence that overlooks the scene of the toils and cares from which they now so silently rest. She survived and came to Pocahontas with her son David, and died about 1845, far advanced in the eighties.

John H. Ruckman, in whose memory this biographic paper is especially prepared, was the eldest son of Samuel Ruckman, Esq., of Highland County, Virginia. Samuel Ruckman just named was the eldest son of the pioneer, and was born in New Jersey, November 17, 1798. His first wife was Nancy Hartman, from beyond Greenbank. They were married July 18, 1809, and settled on Back Creek. There were one son, John H., and two daughters, Mary and Nancy, in the first family. Samuel Ruckman's second wife was Margaret Slaven, from Pocahontas County, and her children were James, Elizabeth, Asa, and David VanMeter.

Mary Ruckman married Isaac Gum. She is survived by two sons Isaac and Aaron Gum.

Nancy Ruckman was married to William Wade, went west, and is survived by several children, names not in hand.

James Ruckman died in youth. Elizabeth Ruckman was married to John P. Ervine. She is survived by her three children, James, Mary and Anna.

Asa Ruckman married Cornelia Brown, and went west.

David V. Ruckman married Anna Herring, daughter of the late Bethuel Herring, of Augusta county.—Their children were Kate, who is Mrs. Wise Herold; Lucy,

now Mrs. Edward Wade; Anna Laurie, now Mrs. William Price Campbell; Margerie is the wife of Rev. Cooke, of Missouri; Sarah is at home; David Glendye Ruckman lives in Augusta; Samuel Ruckman a youth of more than ordinary promise died when a student.

Col. D. V. Ruckman's second wife was Miss Lizzie Eagle, of Doe Hill, Highland County, daughter of the late Samuel Eagle, Esq.

John H. Ruckman, Esq., was born in Highland County (then Bath) November 11, 1810. He married Mary (Polly) M. Bruffey November 7, 1833. She was a daughter of Patrick Bruffey, Esq., and his wife, Ann Slaven. He first settled at the old homestead on Back Creek, and then moved to Pocahontas, about 1845, to the Bradshaw place, near Mill Point. He finally located on the Greenbrier, opposite the Stamping Creek junction, where he built a fine residence and spent several years. Mr. and Mrs. Ruckman were the parents of eight children: Caroline, Sydney, Charles, Samuel, James A., William Patrick, David Newton and Polly Ann. It is a sad reflection that not one of these sprightly sons and daughters is now alive.

Caroline became Mrs. William J. Cackley, near Mill Point, and died soon thereafter; Charles Ruckman was a Confederate soldier, became a prisoner of war, and was for some time at Fort Delaware, and, on his return homeward, died at Baltimore from the effects; Samuel Ruckman, a younger Confederate soldier, died of sickness at Green Bank, occasioned fatigue and exposure; James Atlee Ruckman died in battle at Port Republic, Virginia; William Patrick, David Newton and Polly Ann died in childhood.

Sidney Ruckman, the eldest of the sons, was a Confederate soldier and survived the war. He married Almira Campbell, daughter of the late William Campbell, Esq., who at the time occupied the home opened up by David Ruckman, the pioneer. It was the writer's pleasure to officiate upon the occasion, and was made the recipient of one of the most liberal fees ever known to be given for such a service in that vicinity. After all the perils of war, he came near losing his life in a time of peace in a rencontre, that is alleged to have been the principle reason of the famous Atchison-lynching at Monterey. It is reported that all this was done in direct opposition to Sidney's wishes, and that he was always sorry it ever happened, as he felt himself fully able to take care of himself.

He finally went to Oklahoma, and on his way to meet and bring home his wife, visiting in Kansas, he died under sudden and sad circumstances September 7, 1896, at the hands of suspected parties, who were pursued and dealt with in a very summary manner. He is survived by his wife and two sons. The young men are reported to be very promising and bid fair to make first-class citizens. Their names are Charles and William Ruckman.

John H. Ruckman's second wife was Mary J. Woodell, near Green Bank, a sister of Mrs. M. P. Slaven, at Marlinton. In 1863 he sold out his possessions in Pocahontas and moved to Georgia, where he died some years since. Mrs. Ruckman has married again, and is now Mrs. M. J. Wilson.

Thus has the compiler been able by the assistance of Mrs. Mary Cackley and her nephew, Wallace Ruckman, to present what has been done herewith illustrating the history of a very good citizen in his day and generation.

The writer cherishes the memory of this man with feelings of special interest. He owes something in the way of mental stimulus to his influence.

"William, do you know that if you were to try, you might become something of a man in time? My advice is, set your aim high and see what it may all come to you yet."

"Well, Mr. Ruckman, you talk differently from what I generally

hear about myself. A person, who knows me much better than you do, told me that I was about the biggest fool in all this country, and sometimes I feel as if it might be so."

"Well you just listen to what I say and try to make the best of yourself, and let us see what may it come too."

Some little time after this interview, I was at his house for dinner and, when we took our places, he invited me to invoke a blessing, and so at his table my first effort of the kind was ever made.

For some years we were confidential friends, but finally our paths drifted far apart and we saw and knew but little of each other face to face, but in memory he was often present to my mind; and he is now, as I pencil these memorial paragraphs, seemingly near enough to grasp his hand and greet him the time of day. He was a scrupulous member of the M. E. Church, an ardent advocate of temperance and intensely devoted to welfare of his country. For his country he gave his prayers, his means and his sons, and finally his grey hairs went down to the grave with nothing more that he could do or suffer in the way of obedience to the Divine will.

There is a calm for those who weep. A rest for weary pilgrims found. They softly lie, they sweetly sleep Low in the ground.

W. T. P.

Navigating a Cow.

When I was down on Cape Cod last summer I heard an amusing story about an old sea captain and his cow. Captain Peterson, after sailing the sea for more than forty years, finally retired to a little farm near Barnstable, where he settled down with a horse, cow, and two or three dozen hens. His cow the a laud and rather stubborn creature, was said to come from very good stock, and when the Barnstable people took it in their heads to have a fair, Captain Peterson determined to exhibit his cow.

But when the day came to drive her to the grounds the cow showed that she had a mind of her own and would not budge a step beyond the gate. In vain the old Captain tugged at the rope, pumelled her sides, and pushed her flanks. The cow wanted to go to pasture, and was bound she would not go to the fair.

Captain Peterson's patience was very nearly gone, when suddenly an idea occurred to him. The he was not strong enough himself to force the cow to go to the fair, his training suggested something that was. Tying the cow to the gate-post, he went up into the loft of his barn and threw down an old sail stepped to a dory mast. Then he put a horse's blanket belt through an iron ring, strapped the belt around the cow, inserted the end of the mast in the ring, and bound the mast to the side of the cow with some fifty feet of rope.

The wind blew "quartering" and when the Captain untied the cow raised the sail the canvas was swelled out over the cow's back and away she went "sidling" down the road, mooring and lunging, and trying to stop herself in vain. Capt. Peterson seized her tail, and, using it as a rudder, guided her skillfully in the right direction. With every fresh puff of wind the obstinate cow would be hurried along faster, while the dust blew up in clouds, and the sail flapped and tugged, while Capt. Peterson held the mainsheet with one hand and the cow's tail in the other.

It was a hard voyage for both of them, but not a long one; and when they came in sight of the fair ground everybody ran out to see the remarkable sight of a cow being sailed thro' the streets like a ship. Cheers and laughter filled the air, and when the Captain finally whiled his cow around at the gate of the fair ground and brought her neatly "up into the wind," the shout that arose might have been heard two miles away.

Unfortunately, Capt. Peterson's cow did not take one of the prizes for blooded stock, but the Captain himself was given a special prize by the fair commissioners for "the best device for getting balky cattle to market."—The Outlook.

Prof. A. D. HOPKINS, of the University, has discovered a new variety of dewberry in the Preston County Glades. It is bright red in color when ripe, and has delicious flavor.

The wheat crop of Berkeley County is estimated at 500,000 bushels; the wheat usually fine,

AN OPEN LETTER.

In compliance with the request of Captain W. L. McNeel and others, we lay before our readers the following communication from Mr. C. Z. Hevener, recently a citizen of Marlinton, and bespeak their sympathies as he so pathetically pleads for in the sad afflictions, past and present, that have befallen him and his family:

Editor of The Pocahontas Times: Dear Sir—With an aching heart I write you something for publication about the troubles I have had since I left Marlinton, August 19, 1895.

Upon leaving Marlinton I went to Lowell, W. Va., where I failed to get work sufficient to support my family. October 18, 1895, I moved to the White Sulphur where on the last day of March, 1896, I came down with typhoid fever and was given up by several doctors to die. For eight weeks I knew of nothing that was going on.

On May 9th, 1896, Willie took the fever, and my beloved wife was very careful to wait on us both through our sickness. She became greatly disatisfied with the people here, and so, July 30, 1896, I went to Back Creek, two miles from the old Sweet Springs, to blacksmith for E. A. Huddleston's saw mill.

July 20th a freshet washed the log road away and business was suspended. August 13, I came to Burr's Valley, twelve miles south west of Huntersville, to blacksmith for Capt. Peters' camp, with T. Lester foreman. Here I worked until January 7, 1897. January 15, 1897, I came to Captain W. L. McNeel's, near Hillsboro, where I am now at work with a breaking heart, two children and an insane wife.

June 30, Mrs. S. E. Hevener, my wife, was judged insane by Justice Curry and Drs. McClintic and Laroe. Such an account of wanderings and troubles, and my condition is very distressing. I have my two children to provide for, which I am more than willing to do if God gives me health and strength. I ask the good people of the surrounding country to give me a fair share of their patronage, for I am more than willing to work.

I am thankful for sympathizing friends, such as Capt. W. L. McNeel and family and all the neighbors around me.

I am not a professed follower of Christ, tho at times I feel like leaving the world and following Christ. I am one of the twelve children of Zebulon Hevener, deceased, of Mountain Grove, Virginia, and the only one of the family now living that does not belong to the church, so I suppose I have all my trials and troubles to bear by myself. I wish to ask all praying people to pray for me, as I can't pray for myself. I hope we will all know each other better, when the mists have rolled away. I now think of what has often been told me, "Ask and you shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you," and then I think of the passage of Scripture which says, "The prayers of the wicked availeth nothing." Now this is why I ask the righteous people to pray for me.

Shakespeare says that loud singing, talk and whistling is not happiness, that sometimes it is to drown truth. I can say by self-experience that this is correct. Hoping that my many friends will have sympathy for me in my troubles and help me all they can.

Your friend,
C. Z. HEVENER.
Academy, July 26, 1897.

A Fortune in a Kernel of Wheat.

Talking about wheat stories, the first one of the season comes from George Leavitt. George says that in the spring of 1894 he was at George Fifer's place, near Ruten postoffice, and his attention was attracted by a small drill of wheat in Mr. Fifer's garden. He asked regarding it and was told by Mr. Fifer that in 1893 he killed a wild goose and in cleaning it he found a kernel of very peculiar wheat. He saved it and planted it the following spring, raising four heads, one of which contained 109 kernels. Mr. Leavitt has watched this wheat each year with considerable interest, and recently had another talk with Mr. Fifer about it. The latter has continued to plant what he had harvested the previous year and this season has 14 acres in. He says that in ordinary seasons this wheat will yield from 40 to 60 bushels to the acre. He intends to place it on the market in 1899 and will sell it for seed at \$2 per bushel. The wheat is a hard red color, and as hard as our Fife wheat. Some of the heads last season measured 6 1/2 inches in length and contained four rows of kernels. Mr. Leavitt believes that this variety will be the wheat of the country when it is once placed on the market.—North Dakota Free Press.

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you?

When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

Lincoln's Warning.

(Appendix Congressional Globe, 37th Congress, p 4.)

Persons given to ponder political words of soberness and truth will find much to think about in what President Lincoln said about the tendency of affairs, many years since. Whoever reads this and understands its import need have no trouble to decide how to place his vote where it will do the most good.

Monarchy, itself is sometimes hinted at as a possible refuge from the power of the people. In my present position, I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism. It is not needed nor fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point with its connections not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask a brief attention. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital, that no body labors unless somebody else owning capital somehow by the use of it induces him to labor.

Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the highest consideration. * * * No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up poverty; none less inclined to take or touch ought which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they now possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them till all of liberty shall be lost.

It is something rather difficult to explain, yet it is a well known fact and but rarely called in question, it is far easier to coast down hill than to draw the sled or coasting board up hill. Sometimes this discourages persons and they cease to find pleasure or joy in coasting. While the reason may not be very apparent, yet experience makes it self-evident, that if it were coasting down hill all the time and not climbing up to be done, we should become but little better than the sleds that carry us. For a time there would be pleasurable exhilaration, but we should soon lose our vigor and our health, and then there would be no pleasure in the act. The up hill work is what develops the capacity to enjoy the pleasures sought and imparts healthful vigor. On this principle the plan of a successful life is arranged. Constant effort in the way of endurance and resistance is the main condition on which a beautiful, happy life can be achieved with the materials of a human experience. When this comes to be realized, then we aim to place our feet firmly on the first step of the Golden Stairs, whose landing is near the presence of God where there is fullness of joy and pleasures for ever more. The noble accept the situation and patiently toil upward.

As WHITE officials refuse to serve under the negro Collector of Georgia, it seems likely that the collecting business will be entirely in the hands of negroes.

"Nearer to Thee."

They were singing, sweetly singing And the song melodiously On the evening air was ringing, "Nearer, O my God, to thee!" In my eyes the teardrops glistened As it stirred the twilight dim, And I wondered as I listened If it brought them nearer Him.

Were they like the wanderer weary, Song and life in sweet accord, Resting in the darkness dreary In that nearness to the Lord? Had the Spirit ever sought them, To be slighted or denied? Had that dear song ever brought them Closer to the Savior's side?

I have heard its music often, Felt its meaning deep and sweet, And my weary heart would soften, Singing at my Master's feet, "Nearer thee"—O precious feeling! Nearer thee in gain and loss; Nearer thee when I am kneeling In the shadow of the cross!

Nearer thee when love descending Falls in blessing on my head; Nearer thee when I am bending O'er the graves that hide my dead!

Nearer thee in joy, in sorrow, 'Tis the same where'er I roam; Nearer thee to-day, tomorrow, O my king, my Christ, my home! —Frank L. Stanton.

A Remarkable Case of Chronic Diarrhoea.

In 1862, when I served my country as a private in Company A, 167th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I contacted chronic diarrhoea. It has given me a great deal of trouble ever since. I have tried a dozen different medicines and several prominent doctors without any permanent relief. Not long ago a friend sent me a sample bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after that I bought and took a 50 cent bottle; and now I can say that I am entirely cured. I cannot be thankful enough to you for this great Remedy, and recommend it to all suffering veterans. If in doubt write me. Yours gratefully, HENRY STEINBERGER, Allentown, Pa. Sold by druggists.

A maid with a duster Once made a great blunder A-dusting a bust in the hall And when it was dusted The bust it was busted, And the bust is now dust. That is all.

—Princeton Tiger

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

It is always gratifying to receive testimonials for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and when the endorsement is from a physician it is especially so. "There is no more satisfactory or effective remedy than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Dr. R. B. Rodey, physician and pharmacist, of Olney, Mo.; and as he has used the Remedy in his own family and sold it in his drug store for six years, he should certainly know. For sale by druggists.